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MAGAZINE

BLACK #1000

comics

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COROZO NUT RING

said to bring GOOD LUCK to the wearer



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NOTE: If you enclose \$2.00 with your order we will pay postage. Of course, you still have the privilege of our 10 day trial or money back guarantee. If apt to be out when postman calls, send cash or money order, for \$2.00 and save C.O.D. charges. Canadian and Foreign orders must send \$2.00 with order.



NO. 9



NO. 10

Guarantee! wear ring 10 days, if not pleased return and get your money back

The Black Hood

THE CASE OF
THE
**SHOES OF
DOOM!**







GEE, I'VE KILLED HIM! I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, QUICK!



I GOTTA GET OUT OF TOWN, BUT I AIN'T GOT NO DOUGH!



'BLIND SAM,' THE BEGGAR-HMM? I HEARD AROUND TOWN THAT HE HAS A BIG WAD OF DOUGH STASHED AWAY!



I THINK I'LL KINDA ESCORT 'BLIND SAM' HOME TO HIS SHACK!



COUNTIN' THE DOUGH-LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY GOOD DAY'S TAKE!



LATER, AT HULKY'S APARTMENT!

HI, HULKY? I BEEN WAITIN' TO TELL YA THAT THE GUY YOU HIT IN THE POOL-ROOM DIDN'T CROAK! HE'LL PULL THROUGH OKAY!

HUH? THEN-I DON'T HAFTA BLOW TOWN, AFTER ALL!

YEH, BUT WHAT ABOUT THAT BEGGAR I JUST KILLED? AW, THERE'S NOTHIN' TO WORRY ABOUT! THE COPS WON'T BOTHER MUCH ABOUT AN OLD CRUMB LIKE HIM-I'M SAFE!

MEANWHILE-----

YES, KIP, LOOKS LIKE AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE OF SUICIDE TO ME!

YEAH? HOW ABOUT THIS FRESHLY TORN MATTRESS? THE RIPPED-UP FLOOR BOARDS? AND THE WHOLE PLACE LOOKING AS IF A TORNADO HIT IT!

ARE YOU HINTING THAT THE OLD GUY WAS MURDERED? WHO WOULD WANT TO KILL A HARMLESS, OLD GUY LIKE HIM?

I DON'T KNOW! LET'S LOOK AROUND OUTSIDE FOR CLUES!

HERE'S SOMETHING! MCGINTY, SEND DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS FOR SOME SHELLAC, PLASTER-OF-PARIS AND AN ATOMIZER!

A SHORT WHILE LATER-----

FIRST, WE SPRAY THE FOOT-PRINT WITH SHELLAC!



THEN, WE POUR IN THE PLASTER, BREAKING ITS FALL WITH A SPOON TO ALLOW AN EVEN SPREAD —



AND WHEN IT HARDENS, WE HAVE PERFECT RE-PRODUCTION OF THE SOLE THAT MADE THE FOOTPRINT!



THEN, BY REVERSING THAT, WE GET AN IMPRESSION SIMILAR TO THE ONE ON THE GROUND!



SURE, BEGORRA, NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO, IS MATCH THIS FOOT-PRINT WITH THOSE BELONGING TO THE TWO MILLION PEOPLE IN THE CITY—NUTS!



OKAY! COME ON, BABS—YOU AND I HAVE WORK TO DO!

I ADMIT GETTING THAT SHOE-PRINT WAS PRETTY SMART, KIP—BUT HOW IN THE WORLD ARE YOU GOING TO FIND THE FOOT THAT FITS IT?



WELL, MY HUNCH IS, THAT THIS CRIME WAS COMMITTED BY A GUY WHO KNEW ABOUT 'BLIND SAM'S' HAVING MONEY ON THE PREMISES! AND—THAT MEANS SOMEBODY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD!



NOW, ACCORDING TO THIS PRINT, THE GUY HAD HIS SHOES FIXED RECENTLY, BECAUSE THERE'S THE MARK OF A FULL HEEL AND A HALF-SOLE!



-AND A SOLE THAT'S NEVER BEEN REPAIRED, WOULDN'T HAVE A HALF-SOLE MARK!



SO NOW WE'LL GO AROUND TO THE LOCAL SHOE-REPAIR SHOPS AND FIND OUT WHO'S HAD THEIR SHOES FIXED RECENTLY!

SAY, THAT'S PRETTY SLICK, KIP!



KIP AND BABS MAKE THE ROUNDS OF THE SHOE-REPAIR SHOPS

SHOE REPAIR

WE'VE JUST ABOUT COVERED EVERY STORE-I WONDER IF MY HUNCH WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL?



THIS IS A PRETTY BIG SIZE, MR. AND IF YOU FIXED A PAIR LIKE IT-YOU SHOULD REMEMBER IT!

HM? I THINK I DO! THAT'S ABOUT 'HULKY'S' SIZE!



GOOD! NOW WHERE CAN I FIND THIS 'HULKY' CHARACTER?

AT 106 BROOK STREET! AND WHEN YOU GET HIM- PLEASE TRY AND GET HIM TO PAY FOR THE JOB!







WHATCHA GONNA DO, HULKY? KNOCK HIM OFF NOW? HUH, HULKY?

YEH, YEH! BUT FIRST I'M GONNA---



-KILL YOU!

DON'T, HULKY-ARGGH!

BANG-BANG-BANG!



NOW I'LL PUT ON MY SHOE, DESTROY THE PLASTER CAST, BUMP OFF THE BLACK HOOD AND BEAT IT! THEY'LL BLAME IT ON YOU AND I'LL BE IN THE CLEAR!

SOMETHING TOLD ME TO COME UP HERE! BUT WHAT CAN I DO?



THAT PAPER BAG GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'LL DUMP OUT THE FOOD AND---



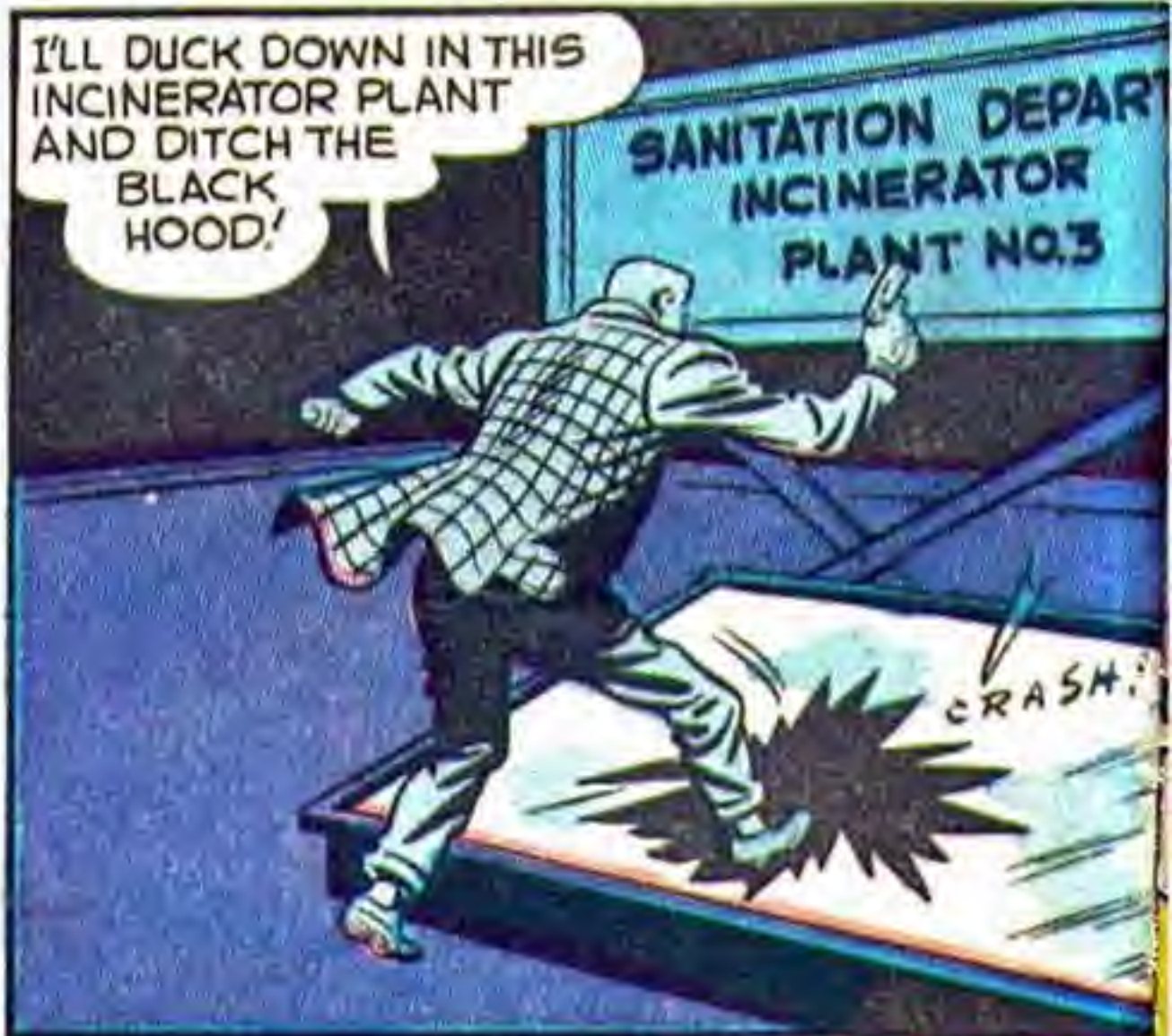
THIS GAG-PUF-HAS WHISKERS..PUF..PUF.. BUT IT MIGHT WORK--PUF!



YOU'RE SURROUNDED, HULKY-DROP YOUR GUN!



THE COPS! BUT THEY WON'T GET ME!





WELL, LOOKS LIKE 'HULKY' WON'T GO TO THAT NECKTIE PARTY AFTER ALL!



NEXT DAY---

CLARION
**MCGINTY BREAKS
BEGGAR MURDER**



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS--

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, DAGNABBIT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE KIP'S SHOE IDEA WAS A GOOD ONE, AFTER ALL!



YOU THINK IT WAS PRETTY GOOD, HUH? I'LL BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT I SUSPECTED YOU FOR A WHILE!

ME? WHA--?



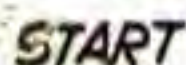
YES! YOU SEE, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE I KNEW WHO WORE A TWELVE AND A HALF SHOE, BESIDES 'HULKY'! BUT I RULED YOU OUT IMMEDIATELY, BECAUSE THE PLASTER CAST DID NOT INDICATE A **FLAT FOOT!**



SUSPECT ME? **FLAT FEET?** WHY, YOU UNGRATEFUL--GET OUTA HERE! IT'S THE LAST TIME I GIVE YOU CREDIT FOR ANYTHING!



PUZZLE PAGE

AL
MFGAN-

SEE IF YOU CAN HELP THE BLACK HOOD LOCATE THE HIDDEN TREASURE, WHICH IS LOCATED IN THE INSIDE CIRCLE! BEGIN WHERE IT SAYS "START" AND SEE IF YOU CAN FIND THE TREASURE BEFORE THE BLACK HOOD!

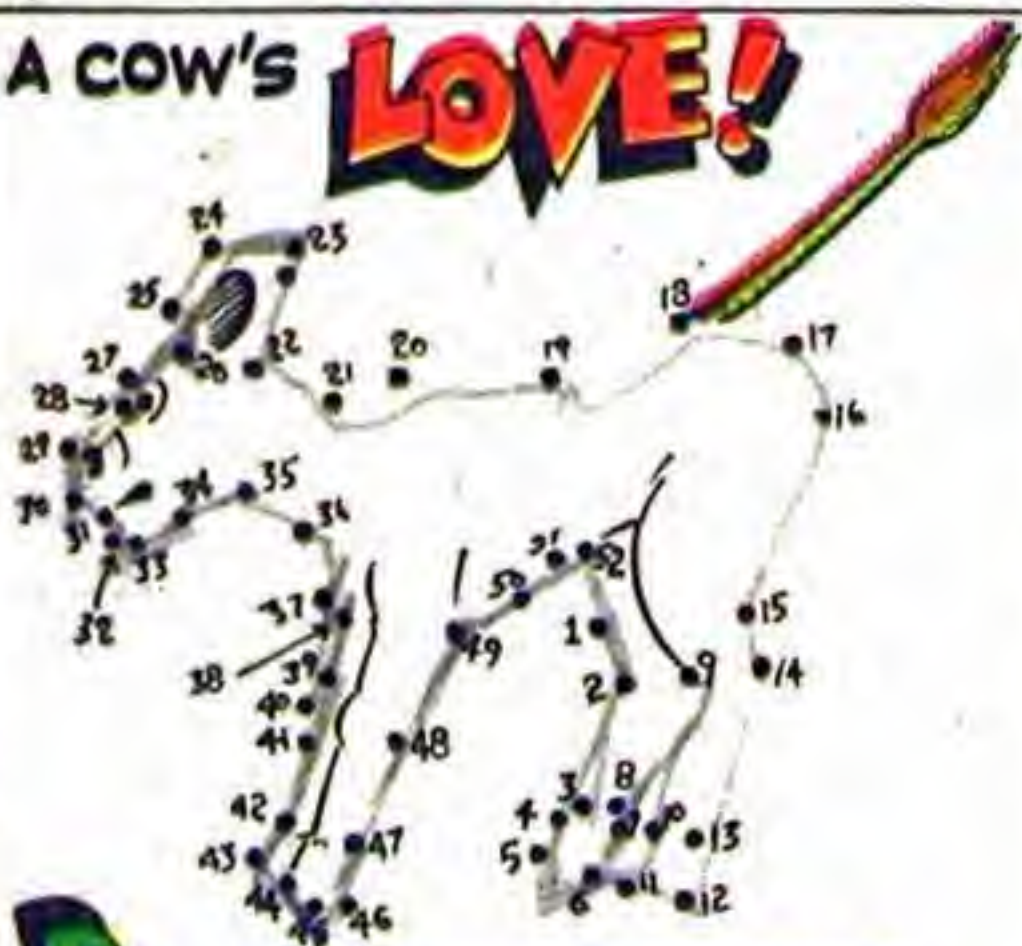
THERE ARE THREE "STARTS"! TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

START



START

A COW'S LOVE!



RAW A LINE FROM NO.1 TO NO.2
AND SO ON RIGHT THRU
NO. 52!

THEN YOU'LL
SEE WHAT A COW
LOVES
BEST!

DOWN

- 1-A SHEEP'S CRY
2-A COVERED VASE
3-A PRIMARY COLOR
4-OPPOSITE OF LIGHT
10-TO STUFF FULL
11-HESITANT
EXPRESSION
13-SMALL HOTEL
14-COOKING VESSEL
15-A PIG'S HOME



**TRY
THIS
ONE!**

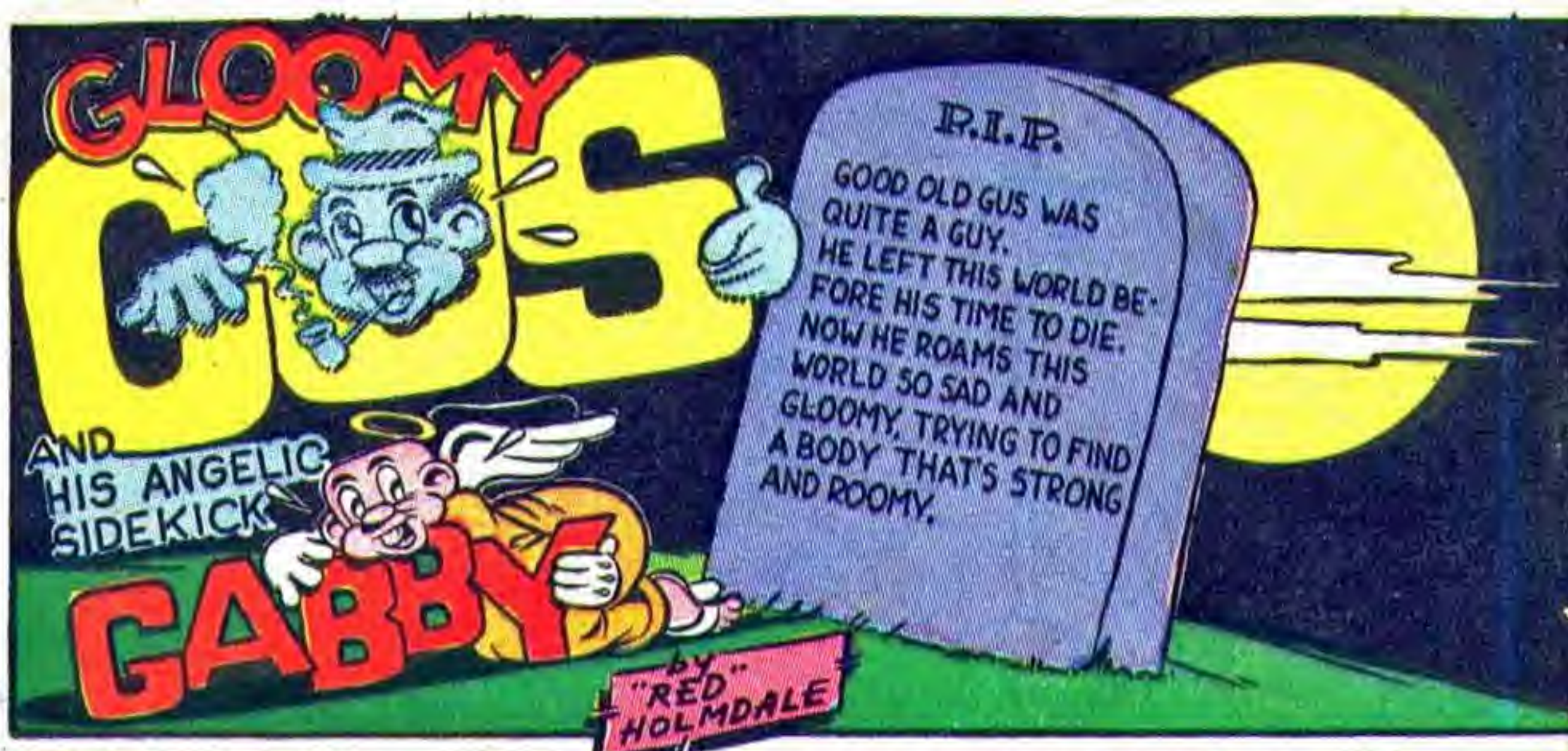
ACROSS

- 1-KIP'S LAST NAME
5-COLLECTIVE OF 'IS'
6-EXPRESSION OF
SATISFACTION
7-SOUTH AMERICAN
MOUNTAIN CHAIN
8-ABBR. OF RAILROAD
9-SHORT FOR OKAY
10-SHORT FOR CYRUS
11-SAME AS ELEVEN
DOWN
12-PLURAL OF SHIP
16-SUN GODDESS
17-A NEGATIVE
18-KIP'S BOSS

ANSWER



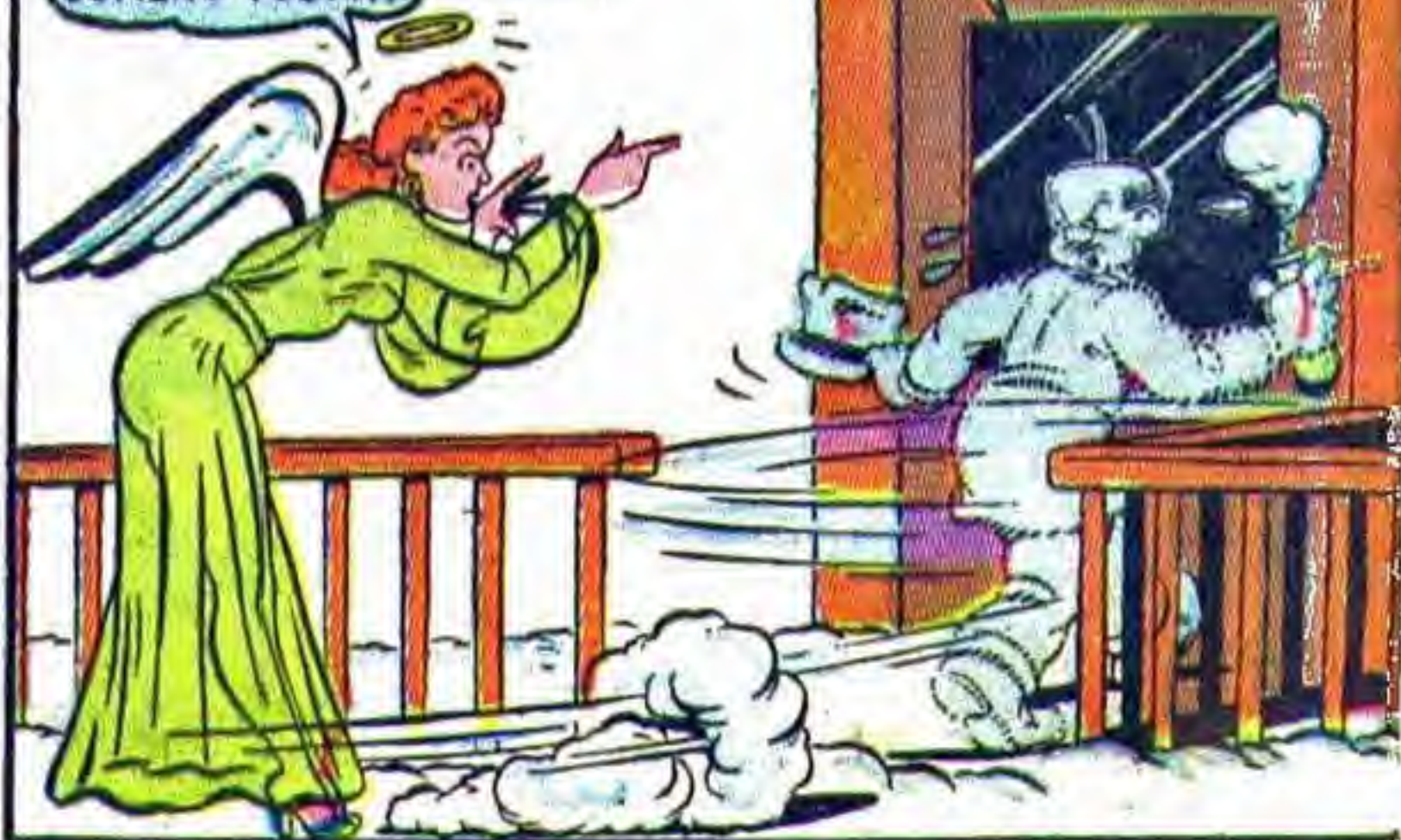
TURN
UPSIDE
DOWN!



THEY'VE KERT ME UP IN THE CLOUDS FOR FOR OVER A MONTH NOW—IT'S TIME I CALLED AT HEADQUARTERS FOR A SHOWDOWN—



BUT—BUT—ST. PETE LEFT WORD HE'S NOT TO BE DISTURBED—HE'S INTERVIEWING SOME NEW-COMERS TODAY.



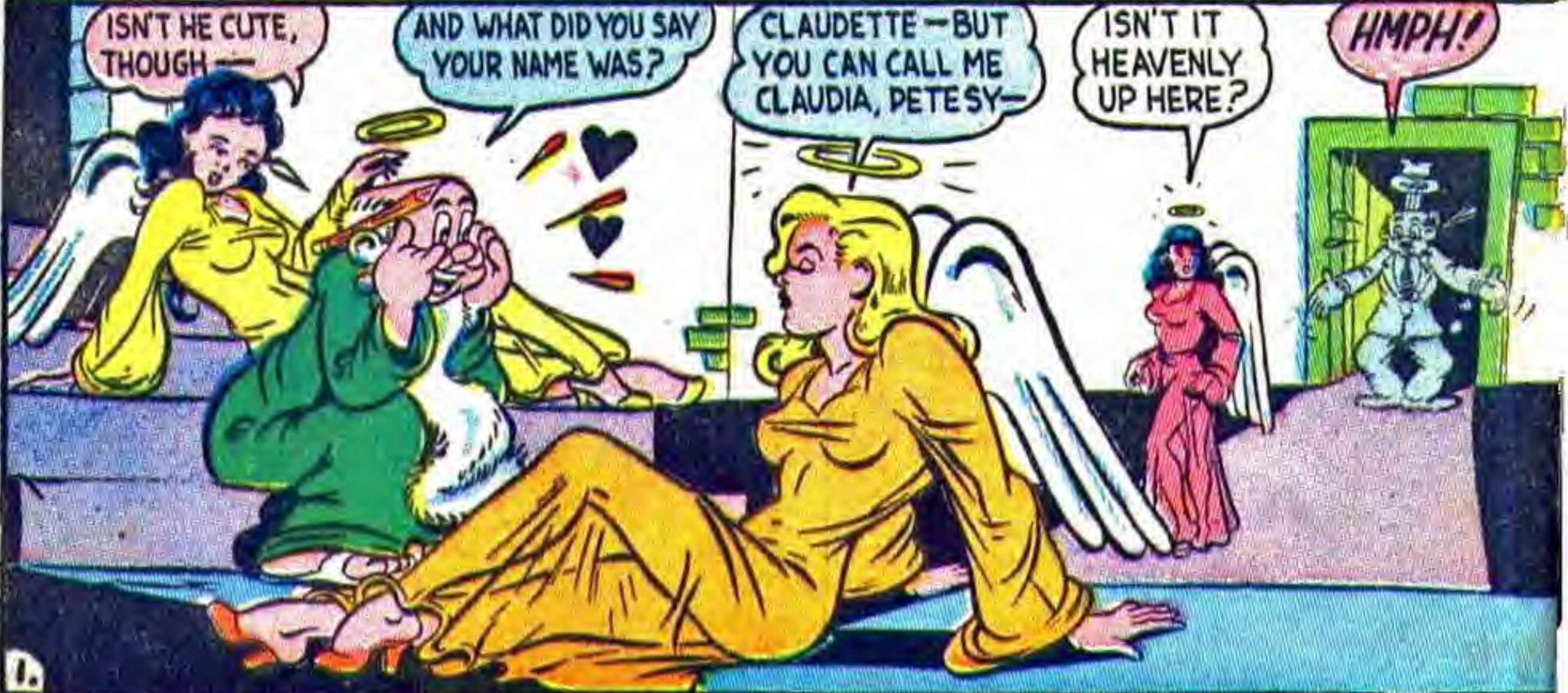
ISN'T HE CUTE, THOUGH—

AND WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS?

CLAUDETTE—BUT YOU CAN CALL ME CLAUDIA, PETESY—

ISN'T IT HEAVENLY UP HERE?

HMPH!

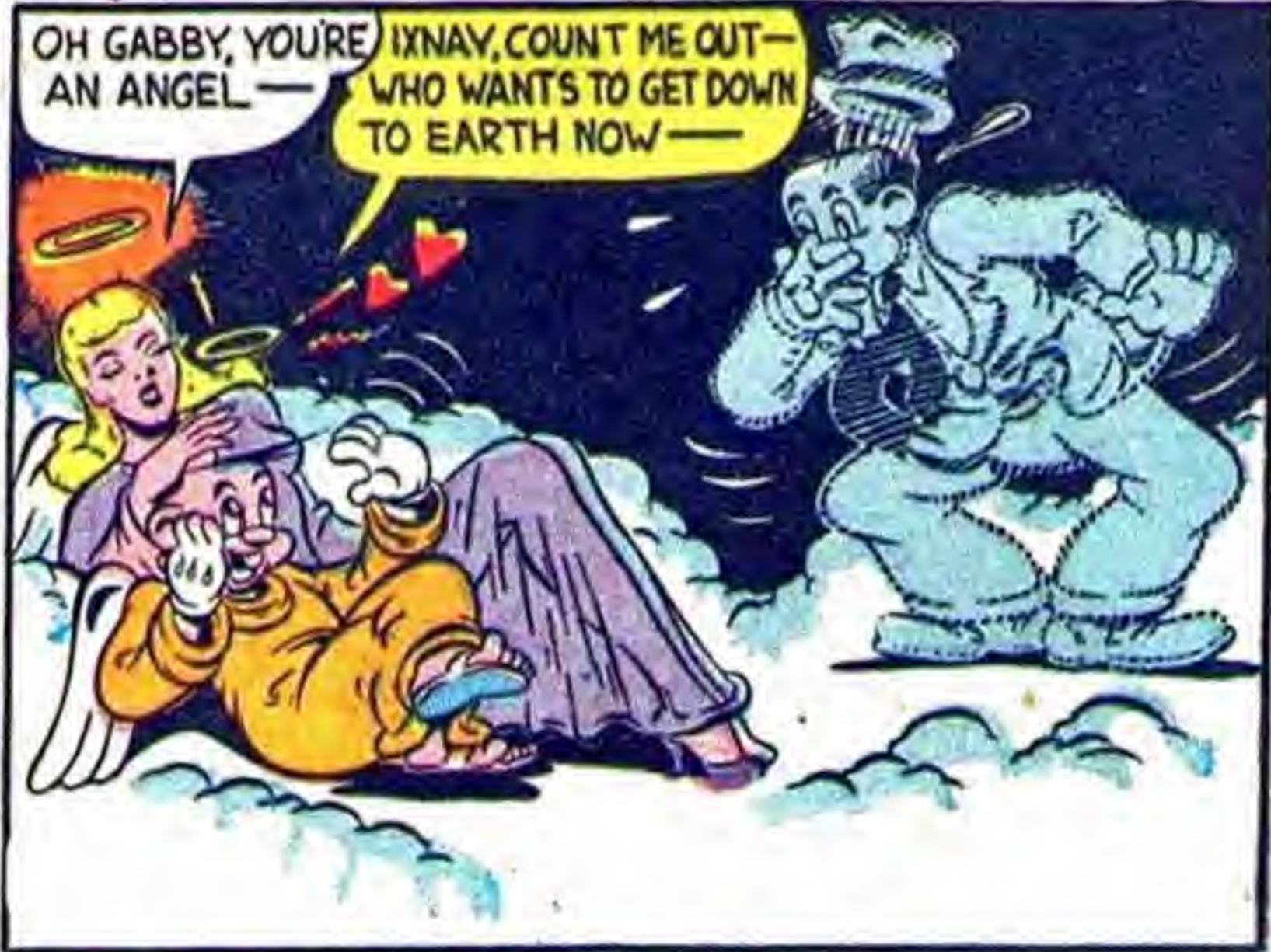


THERE'S JUST ONE THING LEFT
FOR ME TO DO — I'LL GET GABBY
TO GO WITH ME FREE LANCING
FOR SOMEBODY —

SLAM!

OH GABBY, YOU'RE
AN ANGEL —

IXNAV, COUNT ME OUT —
WHO WANTS TO GET DOWN
TO EARTH NOW —



HMPH! LOOKS LIKE
HEAVEN'S GOING TO THE
DOGS —



MY BEST BET IS TO GET DOWN
TO EARTH AND GET MY FEET
PLANTED ON SOME FIRM
GROUND AGAIN!

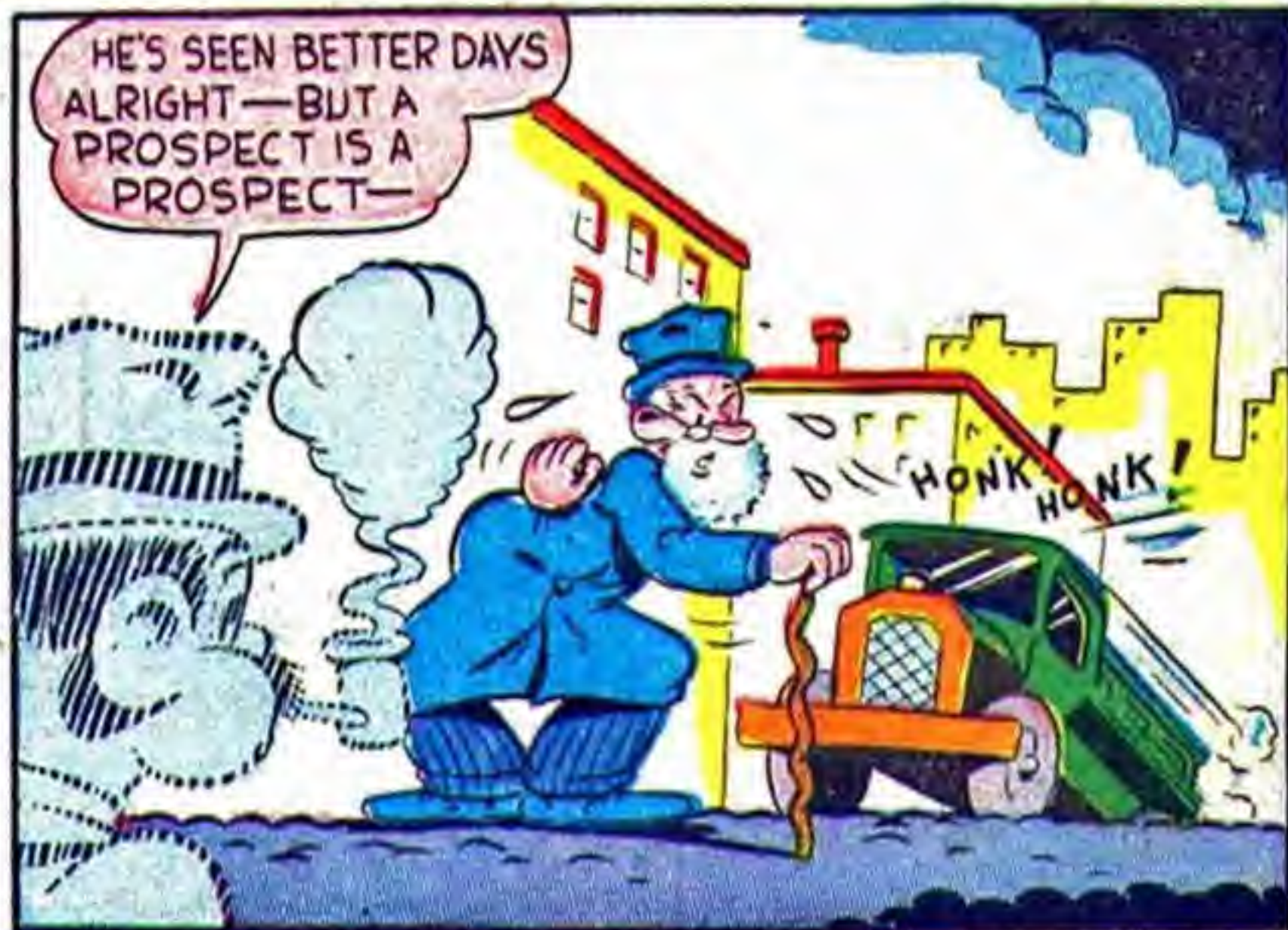


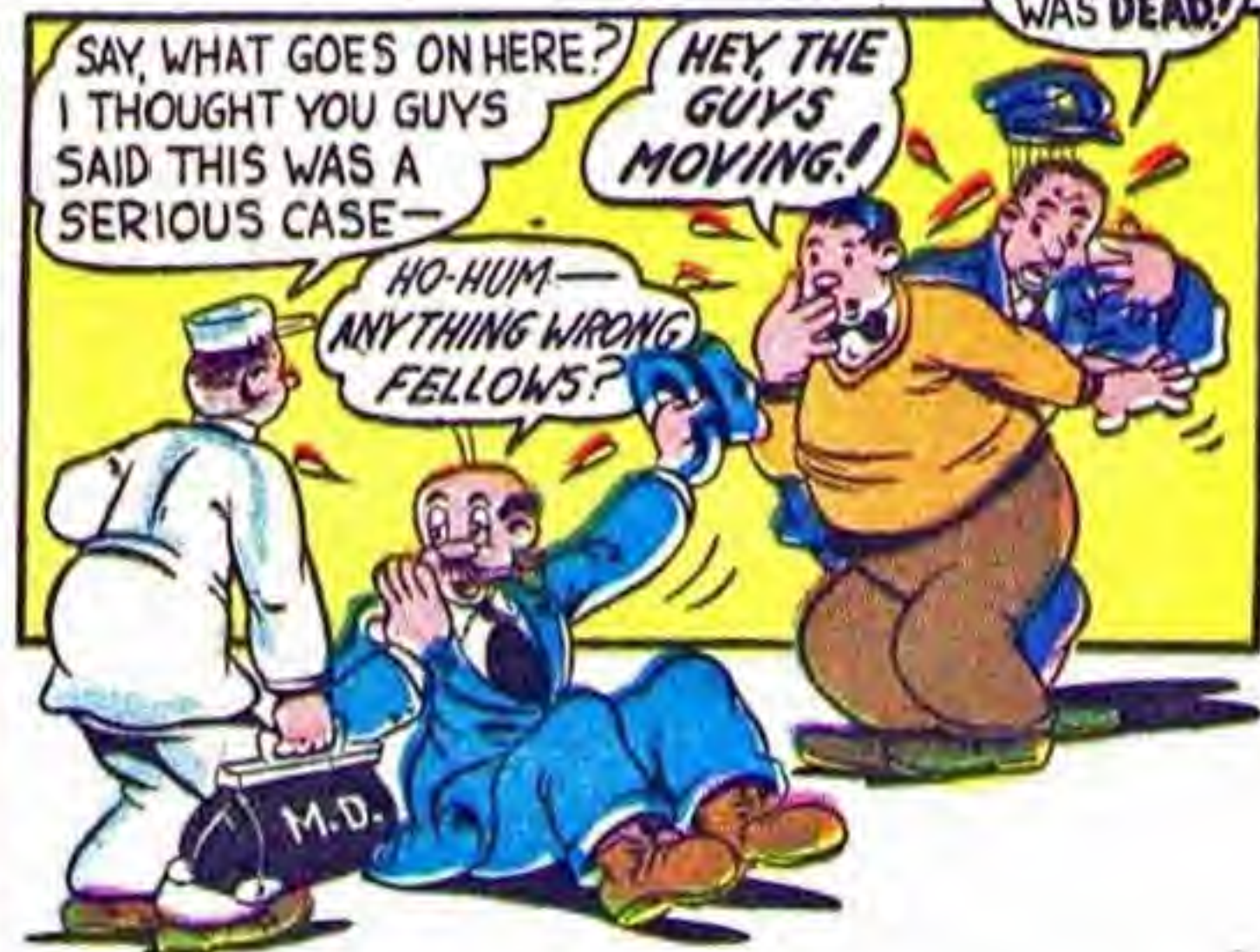
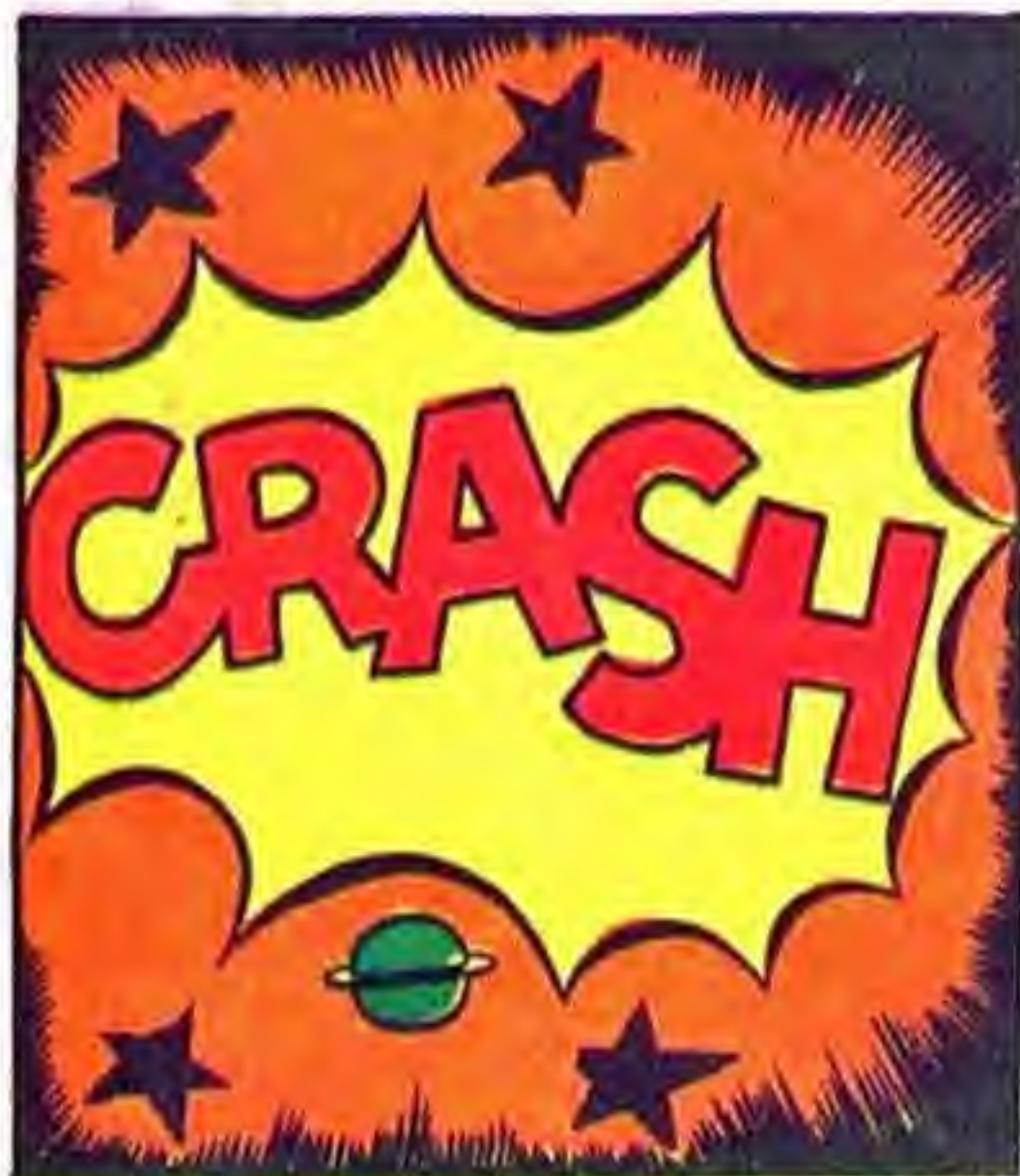
OH BOY, THIS IS MORE
LIKE IT —

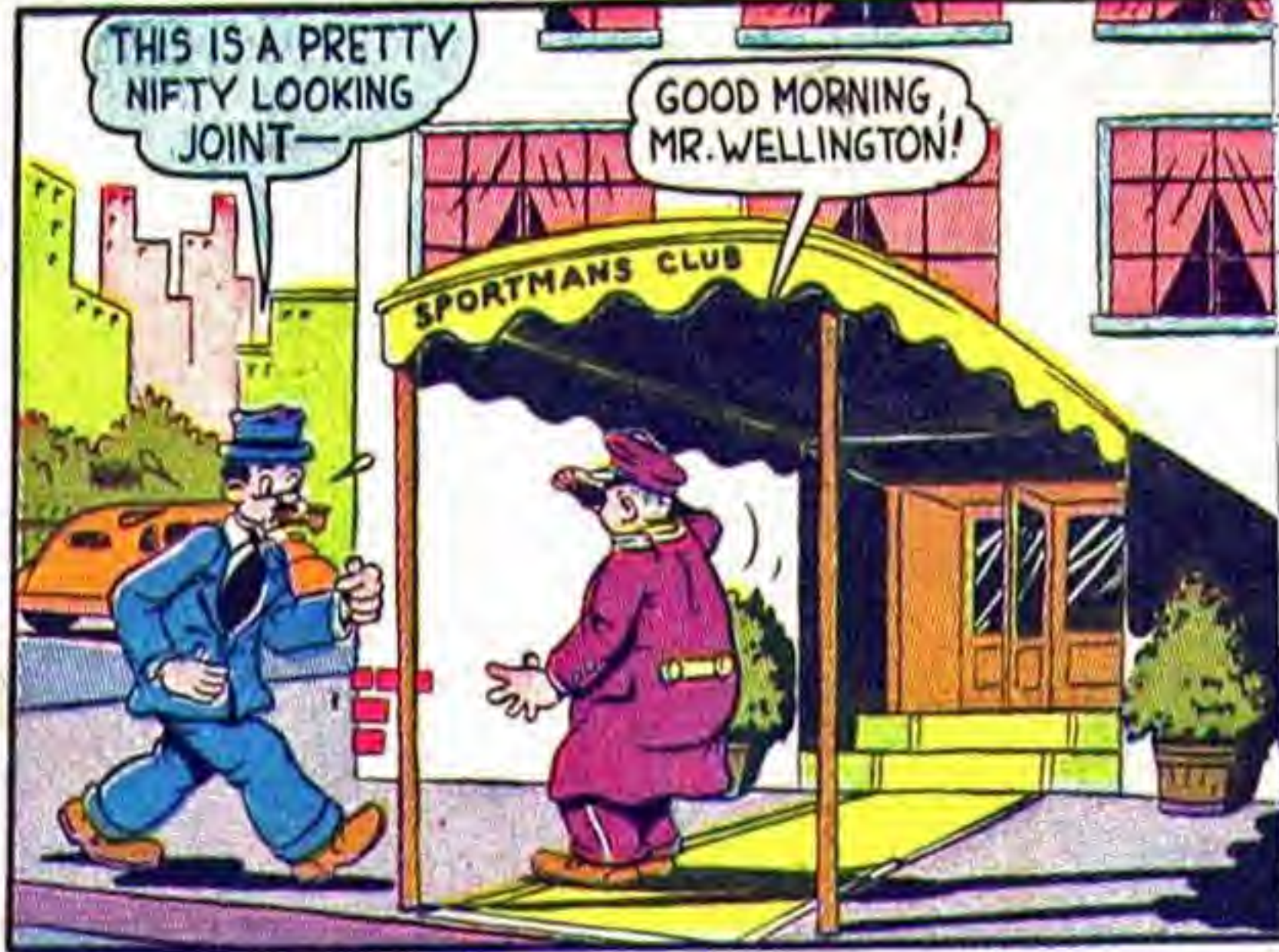


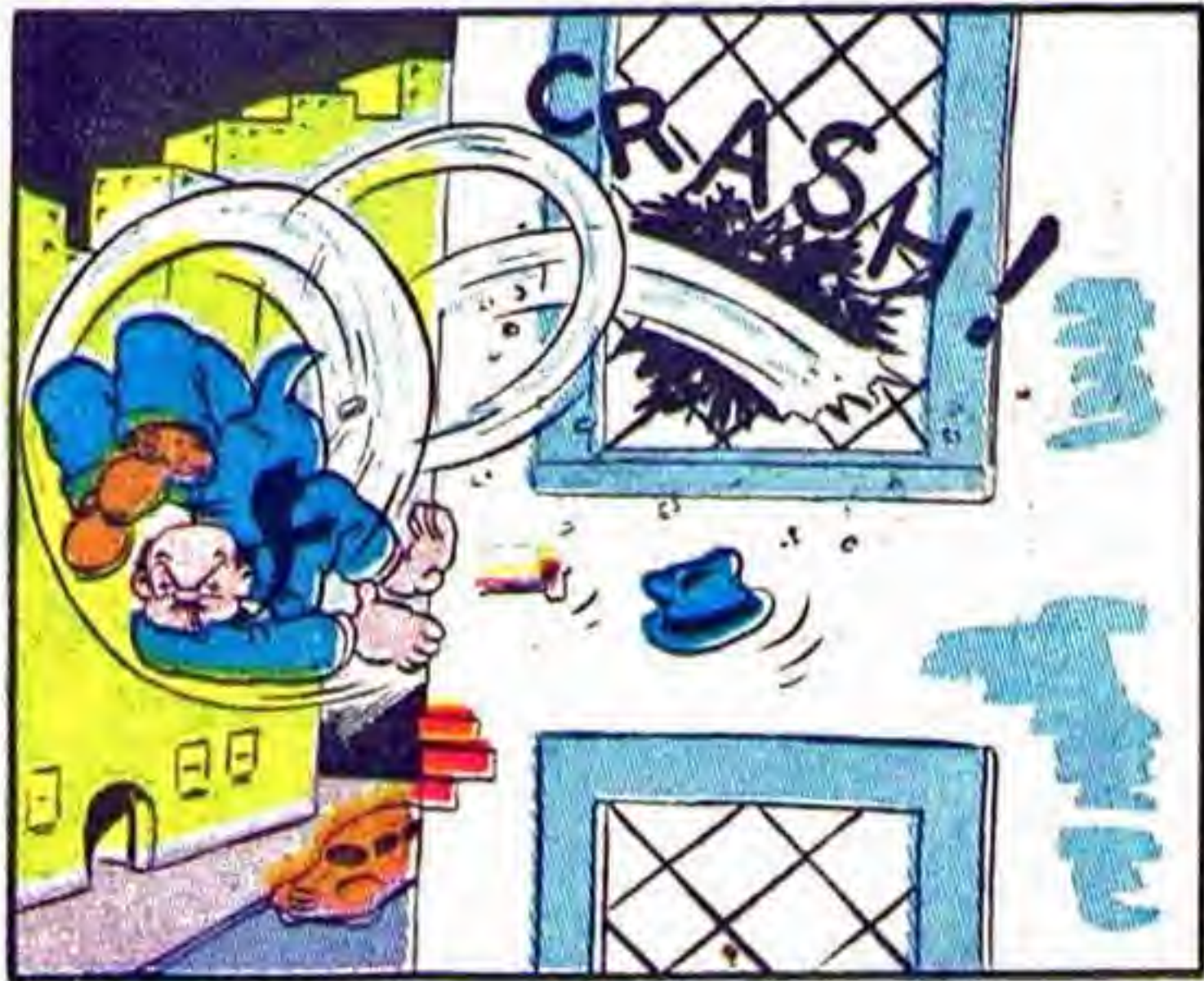
OH NO
IT CAN'T
BE!











The **BLACK** Hood



The COP
AND
The KID!

OKAY, GUYS-NOW'S OUR CHANCE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE CHAUFFEUR, AND REMEMBER WHAT YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO DO!



HELLO, FANCY PANTS! IS THAT YOUR CAR, OR DO YOU HAUL SOME FAT DAME AROUND IN IT?



WH-? I OUGHTA BREAK YOUR NECK FOR TALKING LIKE THAT!



SHUT UP, CHUMP-
STICK YER
HANDS
UP!

WHY, YOU YOUNG
SQUIRT!



'SQUIRT' IS CORRECT! AND
RIGHT IN YOUR PUSS,
TOO!



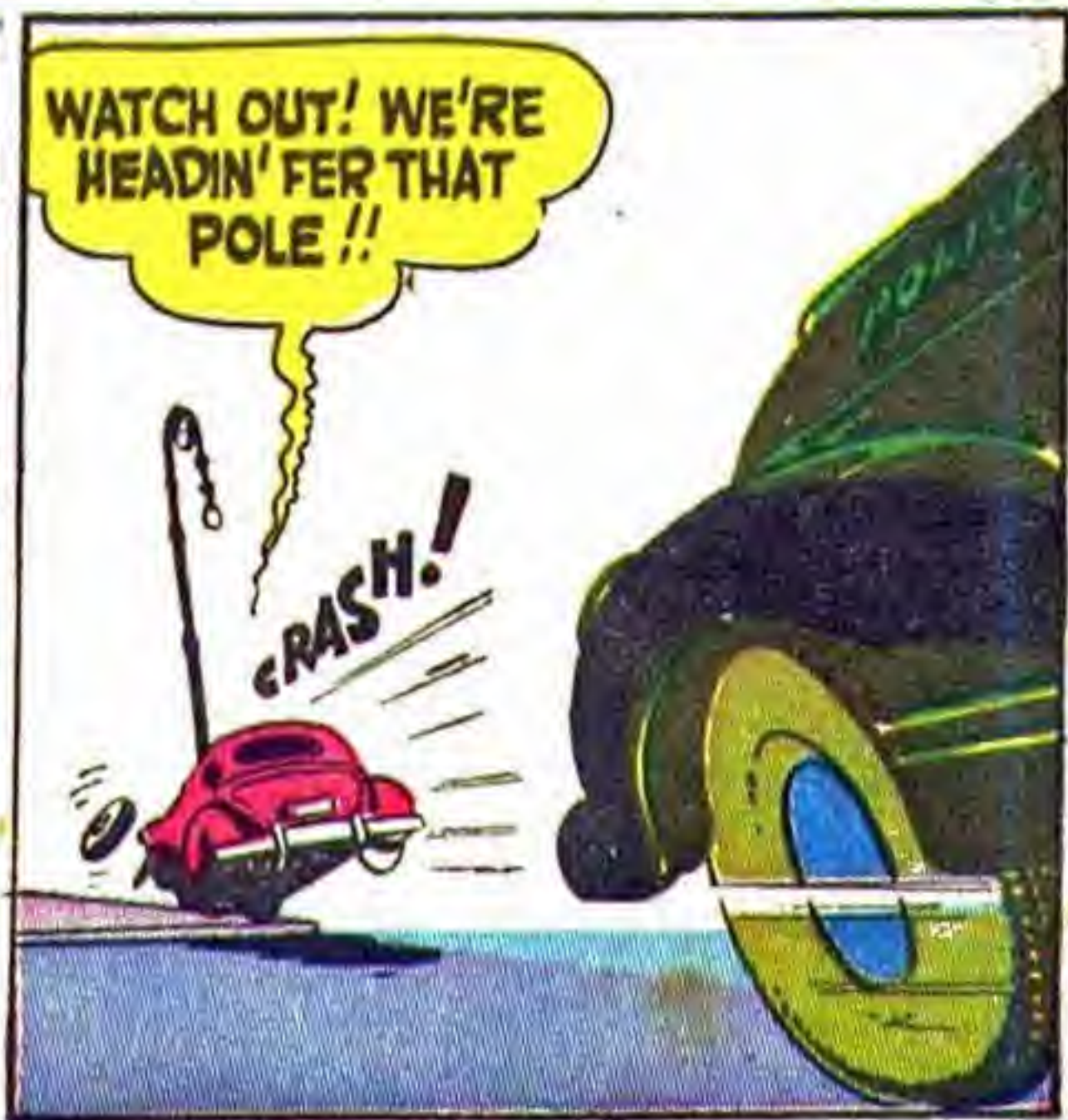
A WISE GUY, HUH? WAIT'LL
I LAY MY HANDS
ON YOU!

YAH, YAH,
NUTS!



HEY, I GET IT! YOU
KIDS PULLED A
SWIPE!









SILENCE! THERE WILL BE NO LEVITY IN THIS COURT! I THINK THAT THE BOY SHOULD HAVE A CHANCE TO TELL HIS SIDE OF THE STORY! GO AHEAD, FRANKIE!

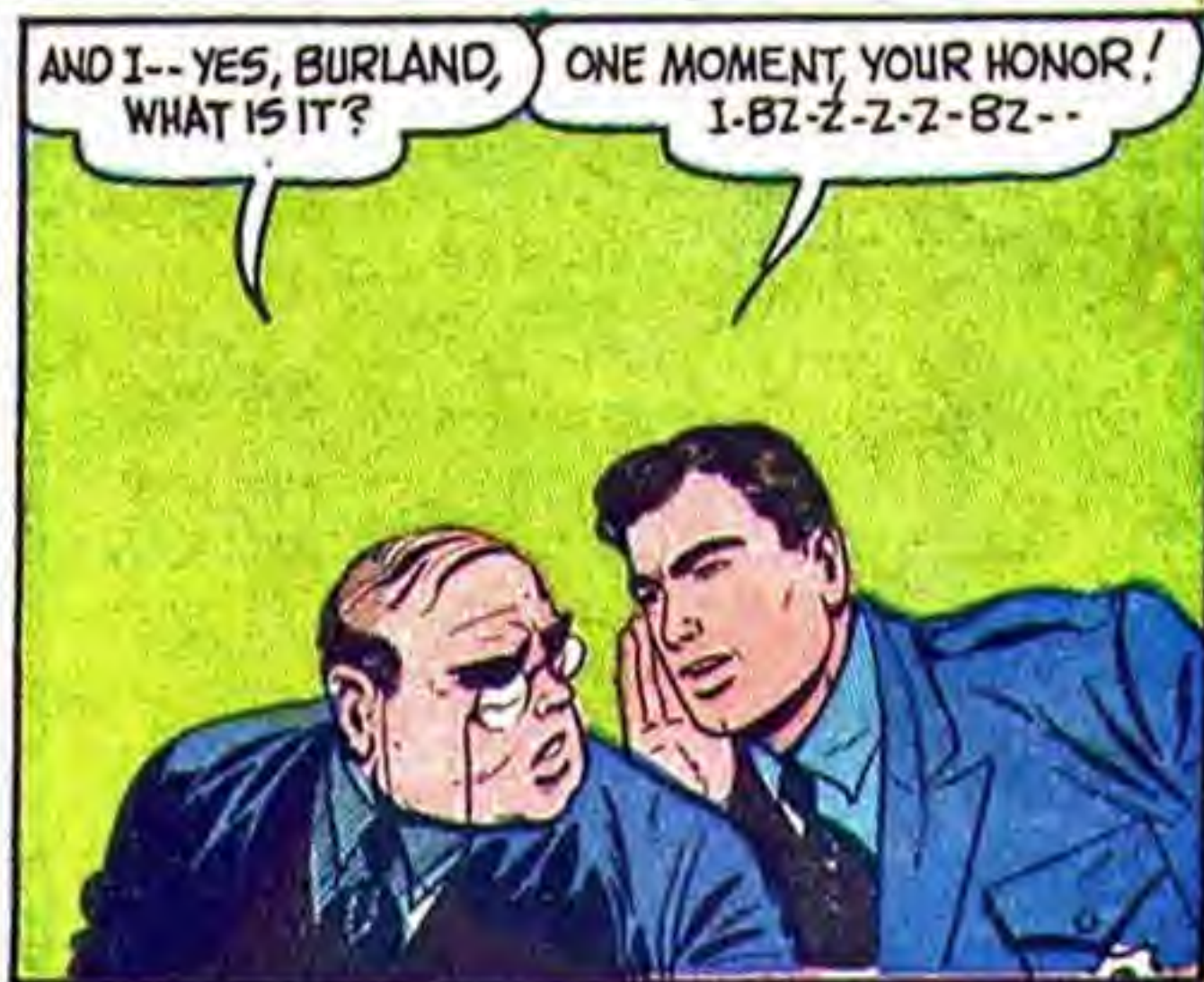
BUT, YER HONOR-?



NOW YER COOKIN', JUDGE! FOIST OF ALL, MCGINTY HERE, IS TRYIN' TO CONVICT ME ON COICUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! NO ONE SAW ME STEAL A CAR- AND BESIDES, I'M TOO YOUNG TO DRIVE!



HM? YOU SEEM TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT THE LAW-TOO MUCH, I'D SAY! UNFORTUNATELY, IT'S TRUE! THE EVIDENCE IS NEGATIVE!! HOWEVER, SOMETHING SHOULD BE DONE ABOUT YOU! YOU SHOULD BE PAROLED IN SOMEONE'S CARE!



AND I-- YES, BURLAND, WHAT IS IT?

ONE MOMENT, YOUR HONOR! 1-BZ-Z-Z-Z-BZ--



AND THAT ONE IS YOU, MCGINTY!

YEAH?-WH-WHO-ME?



OW! ME TAKE CARE OF HIM? JUDGE, PLEASE HAVE A HEART!

YAH, AND WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT STAYING WITH YOU WOULD BE LIVIN', PUTTY-NOSE?



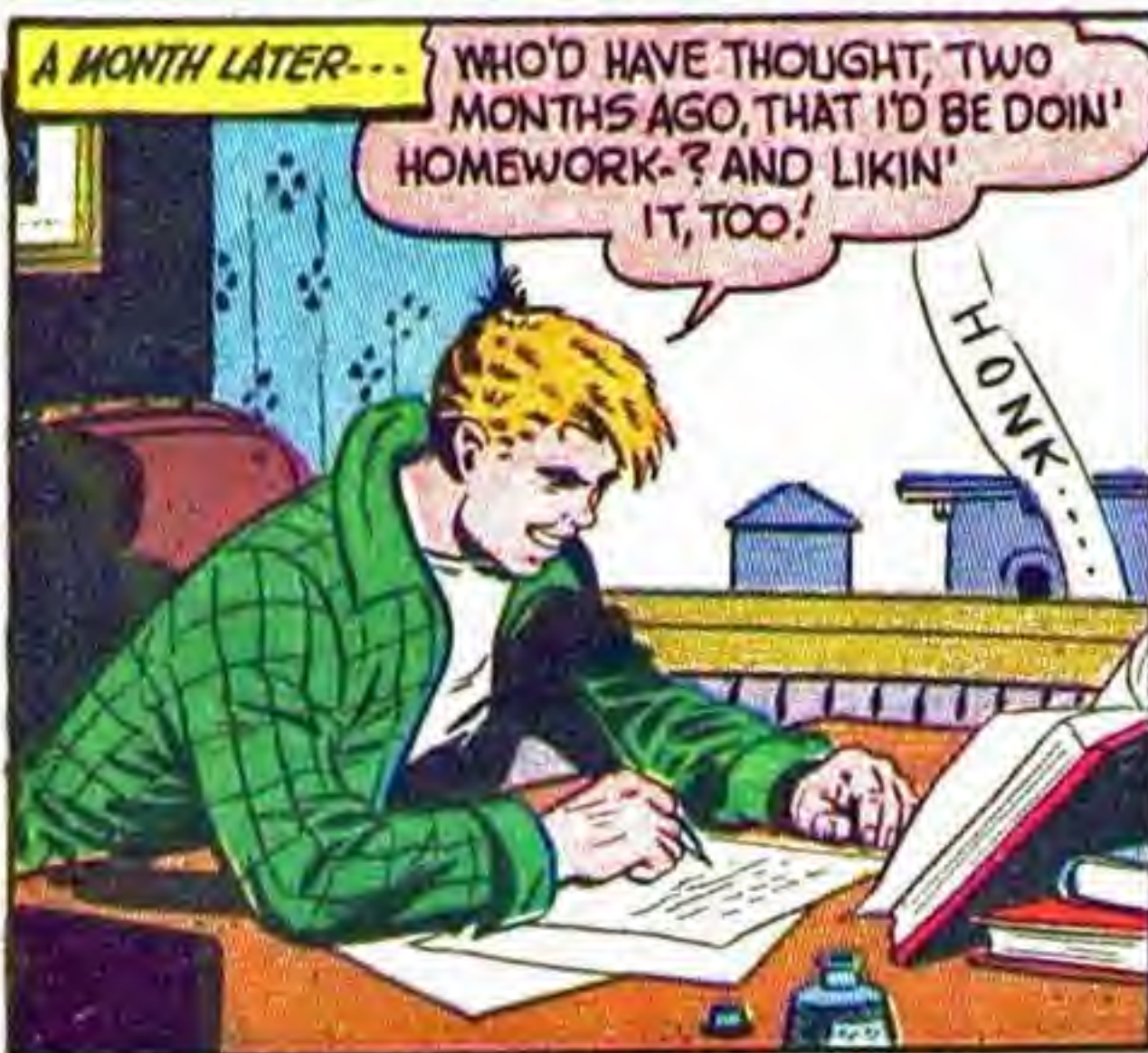




WELL, I GOTTA GET BACK TO MY BEAT!--S'LONG, MAMA!



G'WAN-GET OUT OF HERE!
YOU TIN-HORN COMEDIAN!



A MONTH LATER...

WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT, TWO MONTHS AGO, THAT I'D BE DOIN' HOMEWORK--? AND LIKIN' IT, TOO!

HONK...



IT'S MAC-HE WANTS ME TO COME RIGHT DOWN!



HI, MAC! WHAT'S UP?

C'MERE, FRANKIE-I GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



TAKE A GANDER AT THAT!
WODYA THINK?

WOW! GEE-OH, BOY!

LOOK AFTER THE CAR, FRANKIE!
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK TO CARRY
UP THE REST OF THE STUFF!

SURE,
MAC!



JUST THEN

WELL,
WELL, IF IT
AIN'T OUR OLD
PAL, FRANKIE!
AIN'T HE PRETTY?
HE'S EVEN CLEAN
BEHIND THE EARS,
FELLAS!



FROM TOUGH GUY, TO
CREAM PUFF, IN
TEN EASY-
DOO!

WHO YOU CALLIN'
CREAM-PUFF,
BLABBER
LIP?



I'LL SHOW YA WHETHER OR
NOT I'M A SOFTIE! NO COP
IS GONNA MAKE A SISSY
OUTA ME!

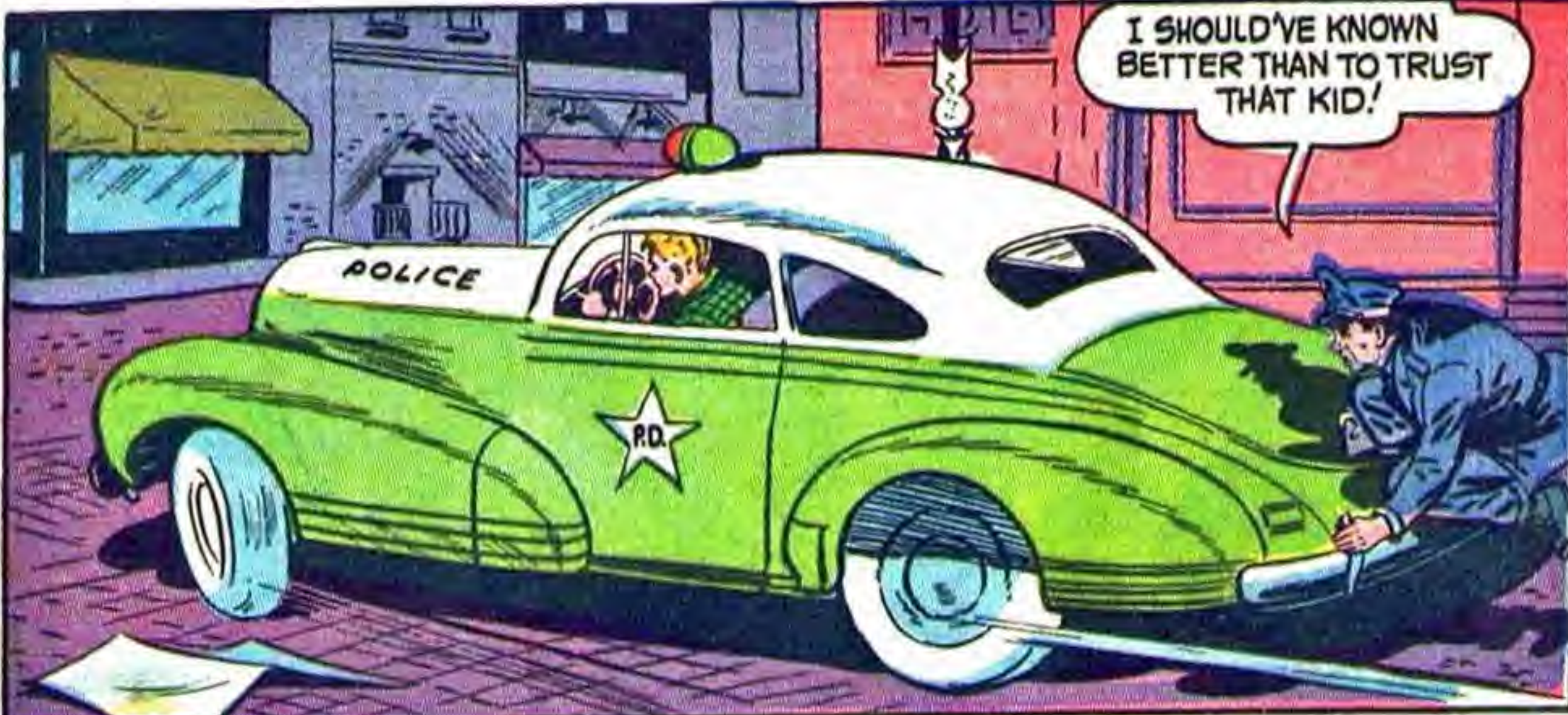


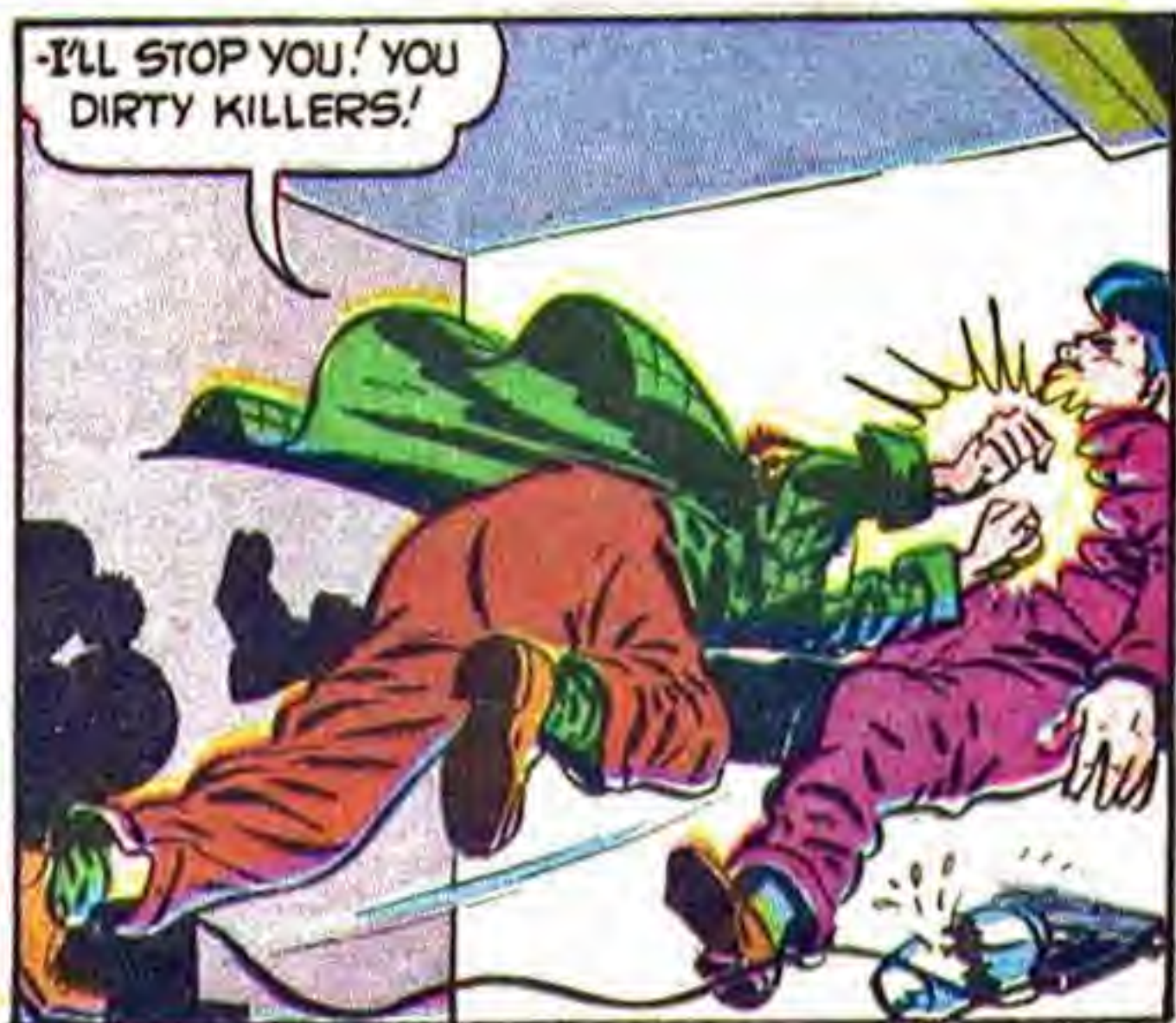
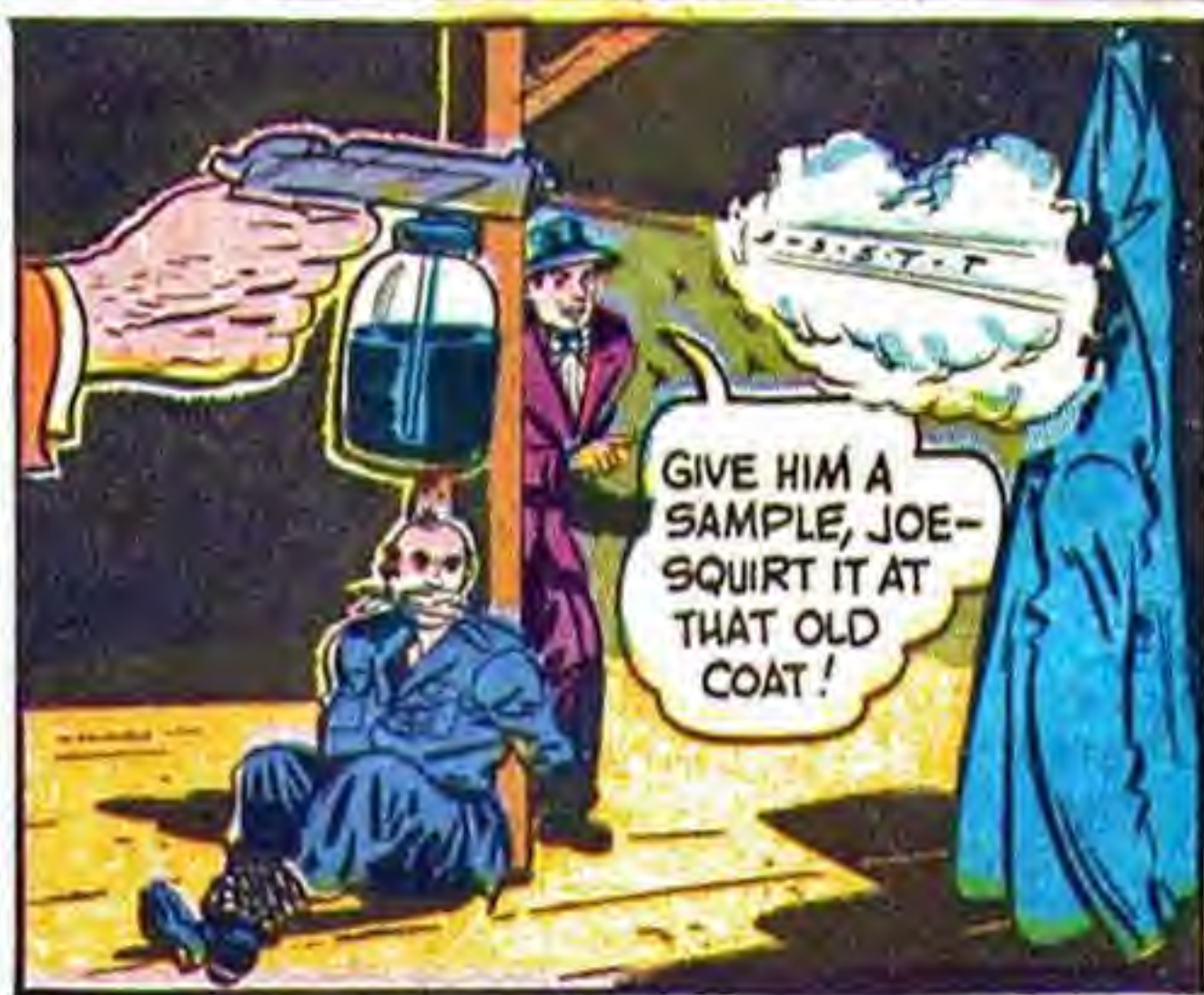
BEAT IT, YOU GUYS! I'M TAKIN' THIS
CAR DOWN TO CHARLIE'S, MYSELF!
THEN WE'LL SEE WHO'S
YELLA!



HEY, FRANKIE, WHAT'S THE BIG
IDEA? WHY, HE'S - HE'S STOLEN
MY POLICE CAR!







THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS TA
LITTLE, DOUBI E-CROSSIN'
RATS!

BANG

ALL RIGHT, YOU GUYS, GET BUSY
AND FIX UP ANOTHER SPRAY-GUN
WITH ACID!

SHOT IN TH' HIP--CAN'T WALK--
GOTTA GET HELP FOR MAC--
I'LL HAFTA CRAWL!

FRANKIE PAINFULLY DRAGS HIMSELF
OUT INTO THE STREET--

THERE ARE TWO COPS--
ONE OF THEM IS KIP!

HELP, KIP,
HELP!

FRANKIE, YOU'RE
WOUNDED! WHAT
HAPPENED?

AUTO
CROOKS--
GONNA KILL
MCGINTY! IN OLD
GARAGE ON THE
NEXT BLOCK! ALL
MY FAULT--ALL
MY FAULT!

O'NEILL, GET HIM TO A HOSPITAL--
THEN BRING HELP--I'M
GOIN' AFTER MAC!

RIGHT,
KIP!

THAT'S THE PLACE, ALL RIGHT, AND
THE BLACK HOOD TAKES OVER
FROM HERE ON IN!



START THE AIR GENERATOR, JOE!
AND THIS TIME, COPPER,
I'LL DO THE JOB MY-
SELF! THERE'LL BE
NO SLIP-UP!



MAYBE NOT, BUT HOW ABOUT A
MUSS-UP?



THIS FINISHES YOU
CHARACTERS!





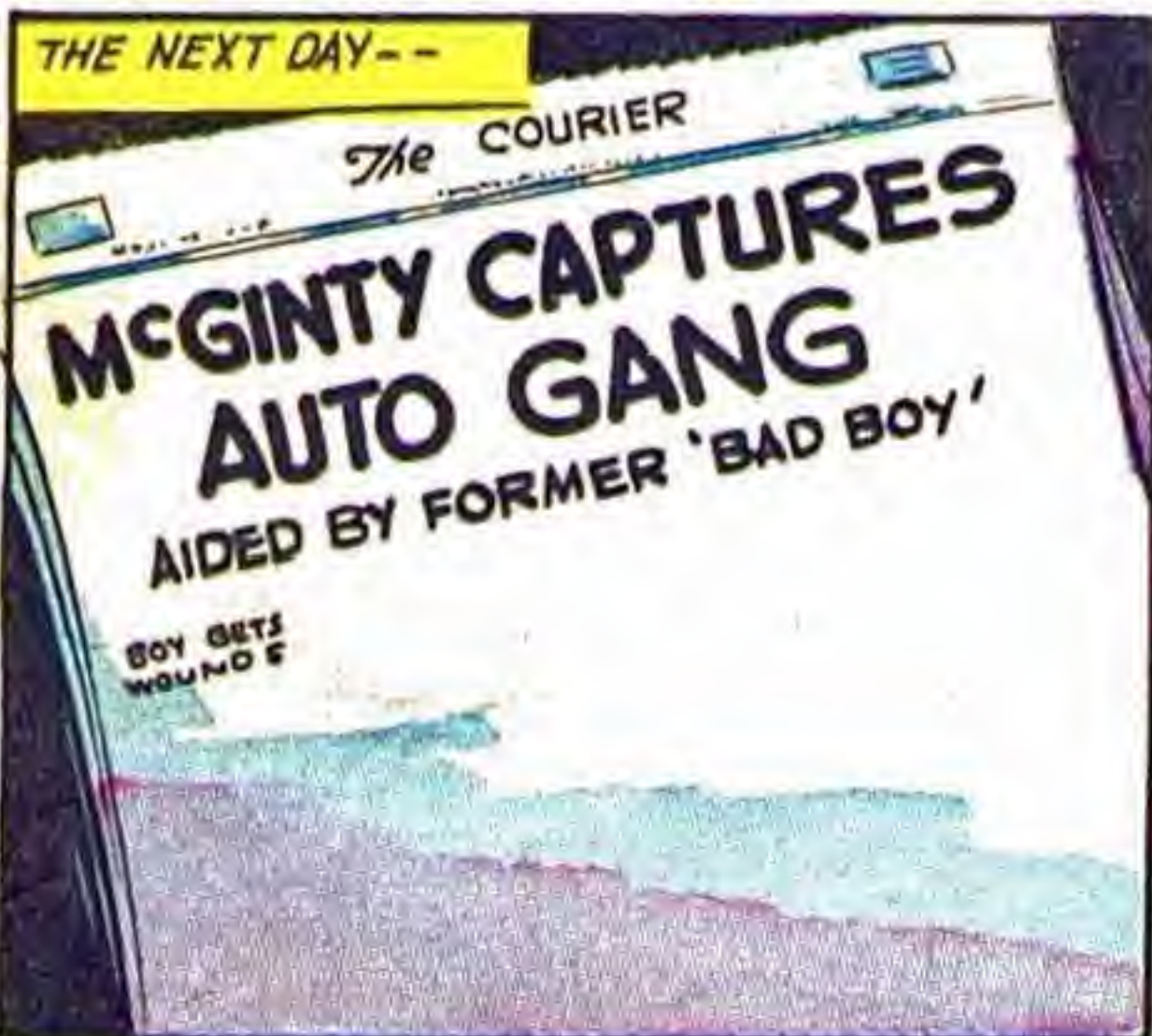
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE
IN A MINUTE!

THANK HEAVEN
YOU CAME IN
TIME, BLACK
HOOD!



HELP OUGHTA ARRIVE
SOON, SO I'LL TAKE OFF!
YOU CAN HANDLE THESE
GUYS, MEANWHILE!

BUT, HOOD--



THE NEXT DAY--

The COURIER

**MCGINTY CAPTURES
AUTO GANG**
AIDED BY FORMER 'BAD BOY'

BOY GETS
WOUNDED



I HAD YOU FIGURED WRONG,
FRANKIE! BUT YOU PROVED
YOU HAD THE
STUFF!

HE TOLD ME, HE
WANTS TO BE A
POLICEMAN,
WHEN HE GROWS
UP!



SURE, NOW-A COP! AND A CREDIT TO THE FORCE,
HE'LL BE, TOO! AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T TAKE
AFTER YOU, KIP! IT SURE TOOK YOU A LONG
TIME TO GET THERE, AFTER POOR FRANKIE
RISKED HIS LIFE TO BRING HELP FOR ME!



NOW TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE! AFTER YOU
WENT FOR HELP, I WORKED MY WAY
FREE AND LICKED THAT MOB,
SINGLE-HANDED!

THE CORPSE BY THE WINDOW

POLICE were scattered all around the place.

There must have been fully a dozen of them. And in the center of the room, seated in a deep red Morris chair, was Sally Benton.

She had handcuffs on her wrists. . . .

Patrolman Kip Burland was there too!

"This case is cut and dried," McGinty was saying. "This blonde dame here just knocked off Margaret Moore, the concert singer. Did it very neat, too. Crept up to Moore when she was sleeping and suffocated her with an overdose of chloroform. . . ."

"What," Kip said, "makes you think Sally Benton did it?"

McGinty's eyebrows lifted. "Well, I'll tell you. If the coroner tells you the corpse died from an overdose of chloroform plainly visible, wouldn't you, too, kind of figure maybe that guest had something to do with the crime?"

"Maybe I would," Kip said. He turned to the girl. "What about that chloroform, Sally?"

She looked up at him. There were tears deep in her eyes. "Someone planted it," she said. "Someone planted it on me."

McGinty guffawed. "That's what they all say . . ."

"Easy, Sarge," Kip said. "Don't be so quick to pin this charge on Miss Benton. You're liable to find yourself looking pretty foolish." He spun around on his heel, and looked at a row of doors down the hall. "Which is Miss Moore's room?" he asked.

"Third door on the left," McGinty said. "I'll show you." He led the way down the hall, and entered a room. Kip followed him, keen eyes missing nothing.

He noted the articles of furniture, the ultra-modern bed, dressing table and chairs. He noted the modern indirect lighting, the modern pictures on the walls. And then he noted that the window was open. . . .

That was funny. Why leave a window open in mid-winter?

"Was Miss Moore found dead in this room?" Kip asked.

"Right," said McGinty. "The Black Maria took her down to the morgue just a couple of minutes before you arrived."

"Then tell me one thing, Sarge. Do you know whether Margaret Moore was a fresh air fiend?"

"How should I know? I didn't know the dame personally." An idea suddenly lighted up his face. "Her maid probably can tell you, though. I'll get her."

"Good idea," said Kip. "As a matter of fact, you might assemble everyone who was in the house at the time of the murder. If my hunch is correct, I may be able to tell you who really killed Margaret Moore!"

Four people other than Margaret Moore had been in the house at the time of the murder. Kip looked them over.

One, Sally Benton. Two, Mary Allen, Margaret Moore's maid. Three, Gerald Moore, Margaret's brother, who lived in the house and wrote many of Miss Moore's songs. And four, Katherine Cole, a friend of Margaret's. Katherine had started out on a singing career at exactly the same time as Miss Moore, but had been very much less successful, and had given up after two years of tryouts.

Kip turned to Miss Moore's maid. "Miss Allen," he said, "I'll ask you the same question I asked Sergeant McGinty. Was Margaret Moore a fresh air fiend?"

Mary Allen smiled sadly. "If anything, she was just the opposite," she said. "She hated breezes blowing on her when she slept. The windows in her room were always tightly locked."

Kip nodded. His hunch had been correct. He'd suspected Miss Moore didn't like her window open when he'd looked at it. The paint

at the sides of the window had been smooth, almost unbroken, indicating that the window was rarely opened.

And yet it had been opened on the night of the murder. Why?

Kip rejected the possibility that it had been opened to permit someone to enter the house. There was no fire escape outside, and Miss Moore occupied the fifteenth floor of an apartment building.

"I want to establish a fact," he said. "Will you, Miss Allen, and you, Mr. Moore, testify that Sally Benton has spent week-ends here before this one?"

"Several times," Moore said. "Probably more than a dozen in the last few years. Miss Moore always appeared at Miss Benton's society benefits and Miss Benton stayed here often to discuss the entertainment program."

"Good. And now—you, Miss Allen. How long have you been employed by Miss Moore?"

"I've been with her for ten years."

"And you've lived here with her in this apartment for how long?"

"Ever since she moved into this place five years ago."

Kip smiled again. "And you, Mr. Moore, how long have you lived in this apartment?"

"Five years," Moore said. He frowned. "I don't get what you're driving at."

"You will in a minute." He turned and looked at Katherine Cole. "How often have you stayed here in the past, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole was a big woman with cold, hard eyes. "This is my first visit," she said.

"There's your murderer, Sarge," Kip said calmly.

McGinty looked at him open-mouthed.

"Didn't you stop to wonder why the window was left open in Miss Moore's room? You heard Mary Allen testify that Miss Moore hated breezes blowing across her face." He paused as sudden understanding spread over McGinty's features. "Exactly. The killer entered Miss Moore's room and killed her with an overdose of chloroform. The killer had

one purpose in using this unique method of murder. If, by the time the murder was discovered the smell of chloroform had gone from the room, murder wouldn't even be suspected. Miss Moore's death would be put down to natural causes—overwork, perhaps."

He paused for breath. "And so the killer opened the window to let the smell go out—and in doing so made one mistake. She revealed herself as the only person in the household who wasn't familiar with the workings of the place. This is an ultra-modern apartment. The killer, having never been here before, didn't know one thing which every other person staying here did know—that no window had to be opened to dispel the odor of chloroform, because the apartment is *air conditioned!*"

Kip looked at the murderess. "This is pure deduction, but I'm willing to bet that Sally's room is right next to Katherine Cole's, with an adjoining door in between. Katherine Cole slipped into Sally's room as she slept, and put the chloroform into her overnight bag. This was for safety's sake, in case someone found out about the chloroform."

"And someone did, too," McGinty said. "Mary Allen came into Miss Moore's room to see if she was comfortable, and smelled the chloroform. That was how the murder was discovered."

"Well, there it is," Kip said. "Correct, Miss Cole?"

Katherine Cole slumped into a chair. "Everything you said is true," she said wearily. "I was jealous of her, and I fixed her for good. She beat me out of all my chances—became a success at singing while I had to give up. I brooded over it—felt that I had to pay her back. And I did. *I did!*"

Later Kip walked into the station house. McGinty was already there with his nose buried in a book.

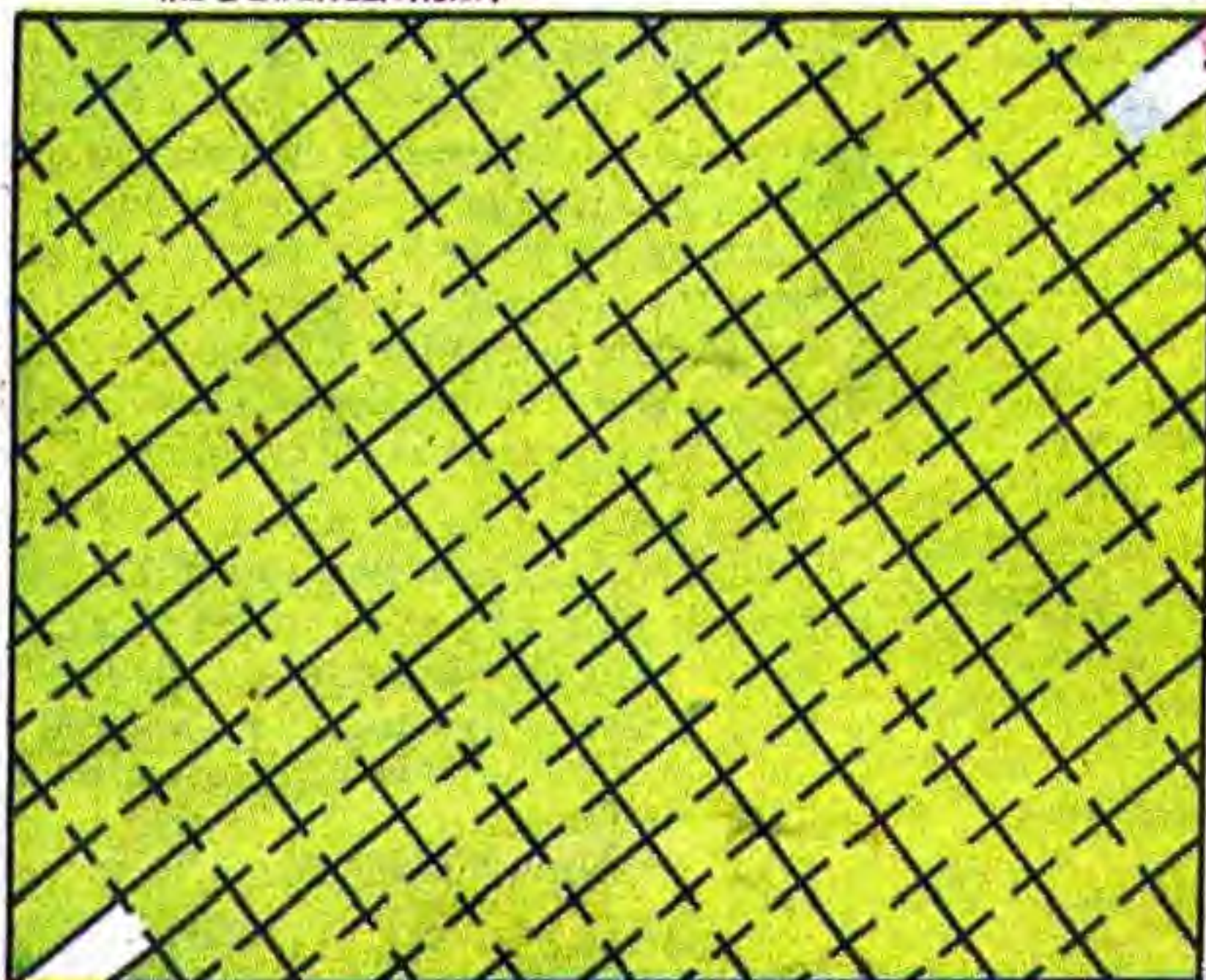
"Say, what's that you're so absorbed in?" Kip asked jocularly, "a best seller?"

"Nope," McGinty answered. "Something I should have read a long time ago." He held it up for Kip to see the title, "How To Be A Detective."

BLACK HOOD

LET'S HELP THE BLACK HOOD! BEGIN WHERE IT SAYS 'START' AND FIND YOUR WAY TO 'OUT'! YOU'LL WIN THE SCAVENGER HUNT!

PUZZLE PAGE



START



OUT

DOWN

- 1-THE HOMELESS GHOST
- 2-ABBR. OF KNOCKOUT
- 3-SMALL ISLAND
- 4-TORPEDO BOAT
- 7-THIS USED TO BE CALLED PERSIA
- 9-SURE DEATH FOR BUGS
- 10-SHORT FOR HOBO
- 11-FORM OF THE VERB 'IS'



ACROSS

- 1-READY, SET, --!
- 2-BLACK HOOD'S FIRST NAME
- 5-CAN'T BE FOUND
- 6-SPANISH FOR 'YES'
- 8-SHORT OF EDWIN
- 10-BLACK HOOD'S GIRL-FRIEND
- 12-FIRST NUMBER
- 13-ABBR. FOR SAINT

ANSWER



**TURN
UPSIDE
DOWN**

A DOOR CLOSER!

WHEN HE BACKED UP TO DOORS, HIS HIND LEGS GOT IN THE WAY, SO HE TOOK 'EM OFF!



DRAW A LINE FROM NO. 1 TO NO. 2 AND SO ON THROUGH NO. 50.

The Black Hood

MAN
OF
MYSTERY

The CASE
OF THE
**DISAPPEARING
CORPSE**



THE CIRCUS! ALL THE WORLD LOVES A CIRCUS! SCENE OF GAYETY, HAPPINESS AND LAUGHTER-- --



-BUT, SOMETIMES A SCENE OF HORRIBLE TRAGEDY!



SCORES OF PEOPLE PERISHED, OR WERE SEVERELY BURNED, BEFORE THE FLAMES WERE QUELLED! THIS IS THE THIRD FIRE DINGLING BROS. HAVE HAD IN THIS ONE SHORT SEASON!



IT'S HORRIBLE, KIP! ALL THOSE POOR CHILDREN!!

YES, BABS! THIS SUDDEN EPIDEMIC OF FIRES GETS ME!



WHILE, IN A BAR, A FEW DOORS AWAY FROM WHERE KIP'S PROWL CAR IS PARKED!

RIGHT! STOP STALLING AND GIVE ME THE DOUGH!

SURE! SURE, MARTY! BUT, FIRST, LET'S HAVE A DRINK!



OKAY, BUT LET'S NOT TAKE ALL DAY!

LET'S HAVE A LITTLE MUSIC ON THE JUKE BOX!





I'M GOING AFTER THOSE
GUYS, BABS-YOU GO
SEE WHAT'S WRONG!

RIGHT,
KIP!

I'M A NEWS-
PAPERWOMAN!
WHAT HAPPENED
HERE, MISTER?

NEWSPAPER
WOMAN?

GOOD GRIEF! HE'S BEEN
SHOT! CALL POLICE
HEADQUAR-
TERS!

NO, YOU DON'T, SISTER!
I DON'T WANT NO COPS
SNOOPIN' 'ROUND
HERE!

UGH!

PICK ON A POOR, DEFEN-
SELESS WOMAN,
WILL YOU?

NOW TO FIND
A COP!

BAR



HARRIGAN, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU? THERE'S BEEN A MURDER IN THAT SALOON!

MURDER? LET'S GO, MISS SUTTON!



AW, THAT DAME'S OFF HER NUT--- THERE AIN'T NO STIFF HERE!

FAITH, AND ONE OF YEZ IS LYIN'! WHERE DID YEZ SAY YOU SAW THE BODY, MISS SUTTON?

RIGHT IN THAT BOOTH!



THAT IS, IT WAS! BUT, IT'S GONE, NOW!

SHURE, NOW! IT COULDN'T WAIT TILL I CAME, SO IT WALKED AWAY!



VERY FUNNY! BUT I DID SEE A MURDERED MAN IN THERE!

IF YA DON'T BELIEVE ME, WHY DON'T YA SEARCH THE PLACE?

OKAY- WE WILL!



I DON'T CARE IF YOU DIDN'T FIND THE BODY! IT'S HERE, I TELL YOU! AND -IF YOU WON'T HELP ME, SERGEANT MCGINTY WILL!

WELL, THEN, SUPPOSE WE GO DOWN TO H.Q.? SURE, AN' TH' SARGE'LL APPRECIATE A NICE MYSTERY STORY, I'M THINKIN'!



DAGNABBIT, BABS! IF THERE WAS A STIFF IN THE JOINT, WHERE DID IT GO?

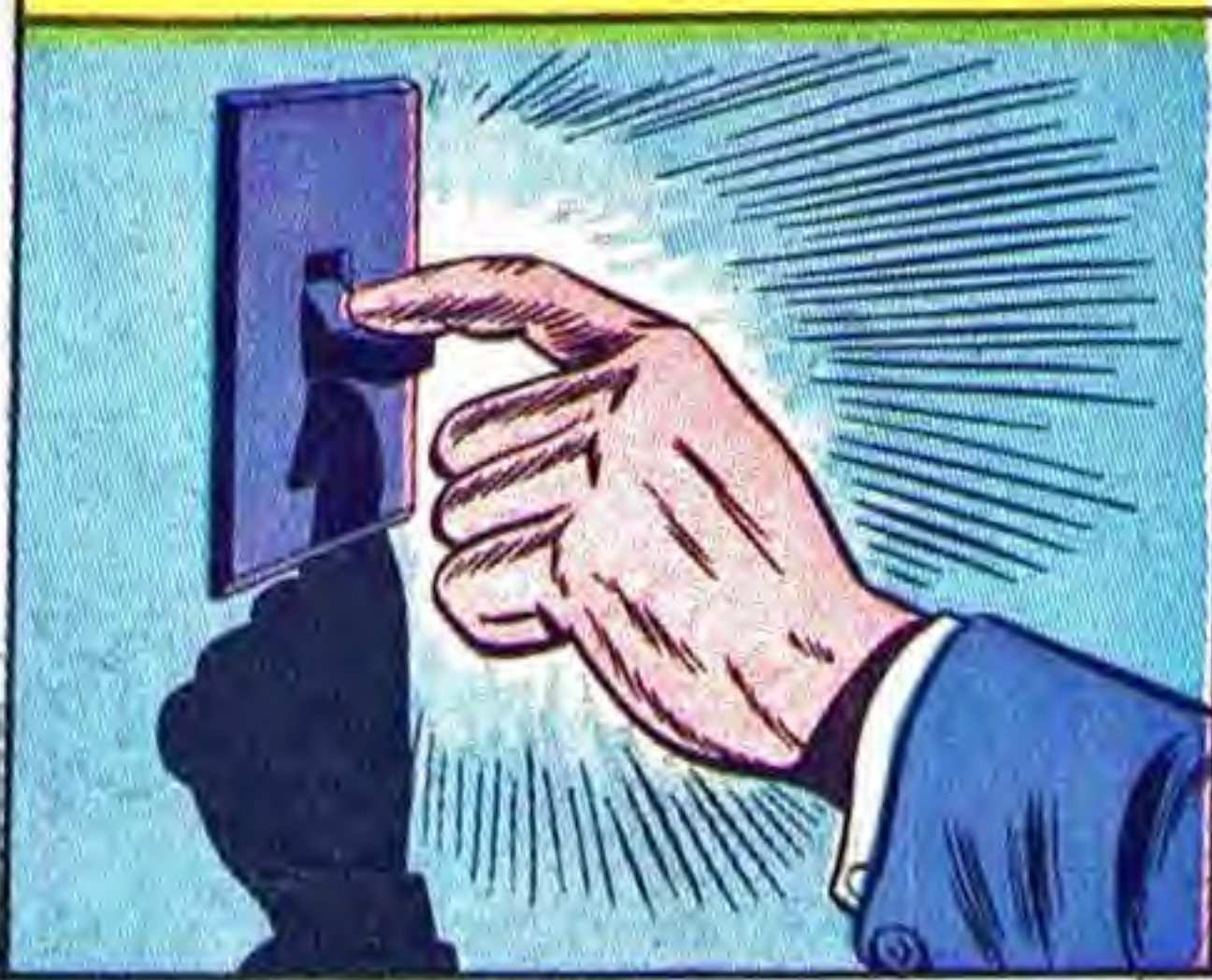
I DON'T KNOW, SARGE! YOU FIND IT - YOU'RE A COP - THAT'S YOUR JOB!



I WOULDN'T WANT TO LEAVE
YOU OUT!



SUDDENLY, A HAND REACHES FOR THE LIGHT-
SWITCH! PRESSES IT---



RUN, GAT! IT'S OUR
CHANCE FOR A
GETAWAY!

YOU'RE
TELLING
ME!



AH, HERE'S THE SWITCH!
YOU PEOPLE ALL
RIGHT?

YES, BLACK HOOD!
THANKS TO YOU!



WHO WERE THOSE
MUGS? WHAT
DID THEY
WANT?

THEY WANTED TO INTIMIDATE ME!
I'M ROBERT DINGLING, OWNER OF
THE CIRCUS! THIS IS MY
SECRETARY, PETE
DARNAY!



SOMEONE'S TRYING TO RUIN ME! THOSE FIRES WERE
NO ACCIDENTS! I'VE BEEN GETTING THREATENING
LETTERS ALL ALONG-AND NOW THIS!





-BUT IT WON'T WORK-I'LL BEAT THIS THING YET! NOBODY'S GOING TO MAKE ME CLOSE DOWN!

SURE, MR. DINGLING! RUNNING THE CIRCUS IS YOUR BUSINESS!



BUT WHEN INNOCENT CHILDREN ARE BURNT TO DEATH WHILE YOU'RE DOING IT-WELL, THE **BLACK HOOD'S** MAKING THAT **HIS BUSINESS!**
SO LONG, FOR NOW!



NOW, TO GET BACK TO THAT SALOON!



FOR THE LAST TIME, MCGINTY, ARE YOU COMING WITH ME OR NOT?

DAGNABBIT! WILL YEZ STOP BOTHERIN' ME? I CAN'T THINK, WITH YOU JAB-BERING AWAY!



YOU CAN'T THINK-PERIOD! WELL, I'M GOING BACK THERE, MYSELF!



A SHORT TIME LATER-

HOOD! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU?

BABS! WHERE'VE YOU BEEN?



L-LOOK, HOOD, MY NOSE IS CLEAN, HONEST! IF THE COPS FOUND A STIFF IN MY JOINT, THEY'D CLOSE ME UP IN A MINUTE! THAT'S WHY I HID IT!

SHUT UP! CALL THE POLICE RIGHT NOW, OR DO I HAVE TO DO IT FOR YOU?



LATER-

WHO IS THIS MAN, MARTY DIXON?

THE WORST SHYSTER LAWYER IN TOWN! IF HE WAS MIXED UP IN THIS, THERE'S REALLY SOMETHING CROOKED GOING ON! COME ON, WE'RE GOING TO DIXON'S OFFICE!



WELL, HERE'S THE WHOLE ANSWER! NOW TO DROP IN ON DINGLING!



HELLO, DING-LING! HELLO, DARNAY!

HOOD! HAVE YOU LEARNED SOMETHING ALREADY?



TOO MUCH! BUT YOU AIN'T GETTIN' A CHANCE TO USE IT, WISE GUY!



SAYS YOU!



YOU LUGS ARE GLUTTONS FOR PUNISHMENT, AREN'T YOU?





WHO ARE THESE MEN, HOOD?

YOU CAN DROP THE ACT, DARNAY! ALIAS JOHN CARTER!



WH-WHA-?

YOU KNOW DARNED WELL WHO THEY ARE! YOU HIRED 'EM! IT WAS YOU WHO STARTED THOSE FIRES AND YOU WHO HAD DIXON MURDERED!



YOU AND DIXON WERE IN CAHOOTS TO GET DINGLING TO SELL OUT TO YOU, DIRT-CHEAP! DIXON DECIDED TO PLAY BOTH ENDS AGAINST THE MIDDLE AND BLACKMAIL YOU, SO YOU HAD HIM RUBBED OUT!



AS FOR YOU, DINGLING, YOU'VE GOT QUITE A RECORD, YOURSELF! THAT'S EXACTLY THE WAY YOU GOT THE CIRCUS, BY INTIMIDATING THE GUY WHO USED TO OWN IT! YOU BOUGHT IT FOR A SONG, SO, NATURALLY WHEN DARNAY TRIED THE SAME STUNT ON YOU, YOU DIDN'T FALL FOR IT!



GO-IT WAS YOU BEHIND THIS, YOU RAT! HERE'S WHERE YOU GET YOURS!

OH, NO YOU DON'T, DINGLING!



WAIT-DON'T!



WELL, THEY BOTH GOT THEIRS, AS USUALLY HAPPENS WHEN CROOKS FALL OUT!

WHEN WILL THEY LEARN, HOOD, THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY?

GEORGE F. JOWETT

Puny weak and sickly, condemned to die at 13, remolded and rebuilt his own body to magnificent proportions and size and became the World's Record Holder for Strength. Let him make you just into a he-man of might and muscle.



Let me make

YOU
TOUGH as a
MARINE
from head to toe... **COMPLETE**
says
George F. Jowett

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Holder of More Strength Records
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"I began with Jowett when I was little more than 125. I developed my chest from 32" to 44" and my biceps from 12 1/2" to 16". I'm for Jowett."

Fred Jorgensen

Gained 40 Mighty Pounds

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Sam Lupo

Becomes Strong Man Model

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Ralph Shoff

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